

322 LEAVES FROM 322
HEAVEN

H. B. TOWNSEND



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LEAVES FROM HEAVEN



LEAVES FROM HEAVEN

A MESSAGE OF GOD, A WORD FROM HEAVEN

BY

HARRY BRAYTON TOWNSEND

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DEDICATION

"Leaves From Heaven," a message of God, a word from Heaven.

This book is dedicated to my brother, Harry Brayton Watson Townsend, who is held in high esteem, by his sister, the sender of this message, Clara Townsend, one who had suffered and gained the reward in Heaven. It is given to my brother through a child of God, with the love of God in her soul, to the world.

"Leaves From Heaven" is directed from the home of God and the home of the soul.

Thus to my brother I dedicate this book through this child, Ethel G. Casterline.

TO OUR READERS

Before this message was sent to me through my sister-in-law I had read very little about spiritualism. I will not say I was a skeptic, or a sound believer in all that I had read, but I at least thought about it, and meditated upon it.

One night as I sat in my room in my home thinking about the readings I had looked over, about the future life, it came to me, if only I had some self experience I could believe, or not, as the case might be.

My sister-in-law was at our home then, a bright, clean-witted American girl, fond of sweets and full of life. I called her to me and said, sit down and take pencil and paper. I directed her, how to give herself up and let her hand be guided. She was a little timid at first but followed my command obediently.

The pencil moved slowly and the word Clara was received, which was the name of my sister who had died many years before. I talked with her and with my Father and Mother that night, and other near relatives.

It was all very natural just as if I had been seeing them and talking to them all along. I was deeply convinced and very glad for the experience. After receiving these messages every day from the other side, I am now convinced that our world will be brought closer and closer to the hereafter, from time to time.

And in this way the "Leaves From Heaven" came to me for the world, through this young girl and myself.

Harry B. Townsend, M. D.

After the above book was sent to me, my curiosity was aroused as to the work and the details in general of the life above—and of friends and all circumstances of every nature. So I asked if I could talk to friends and near relatives and ask questions and find out inquiries that puzzle our earthly brain.

The answer was the affirmative, from the other side, and on the following evenings I also found out much through our automatic writing.

I talked to friends and to strangers I had never known, but who identified themselves perfectly. I know that to the reader all of these messages from the soldier boy who was killed in the battle of Chateau Thierry will be very very interesting and enlightening and also the whole interview in general will give the reader much knowledge of the afterlife.

All these messages are just as they came from the other side, given to you for proof of the after-life and assurance, as the reader will have found out.

Harry B. Townsend, M. D.

Father Townsend.

Do you work there?

Yes, yes, Harry, yes I have work here, strange work. I am on the fourth plane. My work is given by God. I can't understand but He has given me a grand task, I cannot see the result as yet. I wish I could tell you

about it Harry, and I will some time.

Question: Are you and mother together much?

Harry, mother and I are always together, we are never separated; mother is saving poetry, mother is writing; read.

MOTHER TOWNSEND

Yes, Harry, I chase dad right around, and our life here is very, very wonderful; and the great thing about our life here is, we are just natural; all is just natural, like your world, but with all distress, sickness, wickedness, sorrow removed; and more beautiful and wonderful in every respect. God is all, and Harry, I have not seen Him yet but I have felt His ray.

LEAVES FROM HEAVEN

PROLOGUE

As the reader picks up this book and gazes at the title, the first thoughts that issue from his brain will be, whence the name, "Leaves From Heaven"? But as he goes through the book reading its wonderful message to the earth, he will say: "Leaves From Heaven."

"Leaves From Heaven" is direct from the numberless planes of the soul in its almighty resting place among the angels and God. It is a message to the earth, floating downward to this sphere as soft and delightful as a sun-beam, which indeed it is — lighting the dark world, making better the chosen few who will read it.

The reader will wonder again how this message was received, so to clear his mind of all doubts and suppositions I will explain.

It is dedicated to a dear brother of mine, sent by his sister, who has passed to the great beyond many years previous to this message; and who was held in high esteem by his sister, And to him this book is dedicated.

Through a clean minded young girl inexperienced in all works of spiritualism, it comes to this blood thirsty ignorant little globe — a girl, inexperienced in all suppositions and theories of any kind, sincere in her work of bringing the here and the hereafter closer together. She writes only what is sent to her without

any changes or alterations whatsoever, for I guide her hand.

The reader will again wonder how all this came about—I will say, never mind the instances before this message.

The hand of this child who is taking down this noble work is guided by “I”, the one who has passed out of the globe of agony and strife, and entered the life supreme.

This message will lighten the earth, it is a ray of God, sent here below to comfort and bring your beings into a preparatory state.

A message from God to a sincere child, and a generous and intelligent man of forty years, is all the reader has to remember. True in all it says, perspective in all its views, is the book, “Leaves From Heaven.”

Before plunging into sacred things a general outline of the whole is needed.

The keynote of Heaven, the hereafter of the soul, is love. Love is the beginning and the everlasting. It is a word indescribable and inexplainable. It is God, God is love, and when the highest pitch of love is reached we then see God. I can not say enough about this marvelous love for it is the pathway of the soul, the passage of the soul and the soul itself. Remember, love is the zenith of Heaven, and the more love is in the soul the sooner God is seen. The only punishment is remorse, which is the lack of love.

This book is going to bring out, make clear, many almost fathomless impossibilities. Its readers will wonder where the hereafter is. I will try and make clear.

Our home is on globes, as your home is on earth. Each globe is higher than its relative one, one nearer to God, and so on till we reach the kingdom of Heaven. They are, as your globe is, floating in space, subject to the elements as are yours, except the highest spheres which are incapable of changes. As we perfect our souls we advance, and so on, on, on, always ascending and perfecting, improving, endowing, forever.

The first link between the here and the hereafter is the birth. It is holy as it is the result of love. That is the only link connecting the sphere of life and everlasting life until the soul throws off the flesh, the disguise of the earth. What you call a death is really a new birth. You call it death yet you know not why. You call it death because you are to be freed from the covering which is holding you down to earth. It is death of flesh, of body, and of sins — and birth of soul and love. Your material body holds you to earth as an anchor holds a ship. Your soul would rise to the Kingdom of God, as a vessel would float away were it not for its anchor, thus your body is the covering of your soul, your best part, a protector until it can be released through a new birth by your so-called death — a transition of the soul, a birth of love, and a meeting with God and His workers.

How true is the saying, "Man was born to die." He is born to pass through the struggles of life and to gain a reward by "death." Each good act in his life reflects on his life to come, however minute it is, ascends to

Heaven to be perfected for the arrival of his soul.

As his soul stands on the entrance of the "Promised Land" awaiting the discarding of body the first link is completed. If in the sick room or on the battlefield or an instant death, the good deeds which he has performed are ready to enter his soul before its ascension. There is no terror about your so-called death. You see I always say "so-called" because it is no death, but new birth. There is no anguish, no fear, but a feeling of great love, rest, contentment, hope and curiosity. If the soul passes into the next world from the sick room the transition is gentle and slow. Always the transition is like the condition of the body immediately before the ascension, but always without fear, no anguish, or fright. If the body has been drowned or burned the soul is quicker in its ascension; while the soul leaving from the body in a sick room, one who has suffered much, is slow, gentle, and soft.

As the soul leaves the body it takes the form of its disguise, but it is only with imaginary substance, resembling the body in every detail, although perfected, if any faults are found. The soul leaves the body in a state of perfectness. In the sickroom, if there the body is, a guide is sent by God, a tender loving soul who knows the works of God. He leads the newcomer where he is destined—to the first of the "Globes." The newcomer is full of curiosity, no regret for having to leave the world from whence he came. If the soul is in need of much care and making over he is

not put to his task at first. He is given rest, he meets his friends and relatives. He cannot go to the higher planes, but those higher than he can come to his plane. If he is ready for his chosen work he is put to it at once. It is all natural for him, it is as natural as his life on earth. He is happy and free from all encumbrances. His work is that which he is best fitted for or likes the best. He has the power to come back to the world he left for intervals but he does not often wish to do so. It seems so small to him so foolish, and so full of terror. He is contented with his work. He has gained a new citizenship in the realms of God. He is nourished with a new love. Many times the question of food comes up. He may eat if he wishes and all new comers wish it at first. It is because that desire has been in his soul on earth and as his soul is not changed, only made larger, he craves food. Soon he becomes acquainted with the new life and this desire weakens because he is improving and being improved, yet at all times he may eat if he wishes. The soul needs no food but the desire for food is nourished, for if he desires he can create. He can resume his material form if he wishes. For instance, an old man after his ascension is in the condition of youth. All are equal in that way, all are youthful and nourished with love; but the nourishment by food may be had.

LIFE ON THE DIFFERENT PLANES

As the life on earth is preparatory so is that on the first plane. On it one is being fitted for the next plane, mostly by rest, tender care, and being nursed with love. The weakest have the tenderest care, the ones who have sinned the most on earth receive the greatest love. We stay only long enough to fill our souls with love, our souls which have been retarded by sin.

Now that we have just briefly begun, I will describe the preparatory life more vividly, I am using simple words, words with meaning best fitted so that the most uneducated as well as those of the highest education may read with the same ease.

Our life on the first plane is a life of study. It is like the school room. It is the kindergarten globe of the hereafter. We learn and study and feed our souls for the advance work period. It is a simple easy life and we are not long here. It is most like a large hospital where the sick and afflicted are being cared for, although many from the higher planes have work to do here.

The second plane of our evolution is reached after the mission is fulfilled on the first. It is a beautiful land, flowers, birds, mountains, and valleys, rivers and streams. We have all your animals, here, cats and dogs, domestic and wild. We inhabit houses. We live in groups or single as each may choose. Rela-

tives mostly group together. We have nationalities here, who live together under their head or globe-ruler. We have Globe-rulers; we do not know who they are, only that they are the most like God, His soul and being. I believe they are priests. I know not why I believe this to be so. I do not mean ministers but priests. We love God through them—until we reach His almighty seat where He, alone, is. We know of God by a wonderful ray of light, or a beautiful spark of love, which is burning in us.

We carry on work on this plane. We build and tear down, build again more completely. It is like a child with his blocks—he builds them up, he tears them down, puts them up again better, and with more speed and more skill. I have much to say on this preparatory globe.

We never get tired, that is impossible because we are under the ray of God and not encumbered with material flesh. We can materialize ourselves as we were on earth, even then we would not tire, because of the atmosphere of God, of love. Many people here delight themselves with things they desired on earth but could not have. Many do not work on this plane, but the majority do, because their ambitions are so inspired by God. Our God is limitless. We know Him by His reflections, we love Him with the love He gave us when we first took breath. Many on this plane plan the lives which they want to live. They have a right to do this. We cannot sin, for we know no sin. There are no

mischievous ones here, understand please, mischievous ones; that is not probable or possible. All are perfect, some more perfect, while others are a little less so, but all are images of God Himself. We cannot see evil; only happiness can we see.

We manufacture on this plane. We carry on trade with the next, while they perfect the things we send them, and so on to the inventive plane. We have beautiful flowers here, all kinds, for every flower that dies on earth blooms here, everlasting in strength and fragrance. Your flowers of earth are nearer to God than your bodies, notice I do not say *souls*, for your soul is a flower of God put on earth in a mask. Perhaps this is hard to interpret but it is as true as God Himself. I will conclude by saying our love is increased on this plane in an unaccountable way. Could you only understand how much love brings you to God for every good deed you do. Love and you are stepping over the threshold into eternal bliss.

I am going to leave the second plane for a moment and explain the marvelous transition from one plane to the next. Could I make this a little personal I could explain it better, but I cannot do so and have it general for everyone as a whole.

The transition from one plane to the next is momentary. When the work is completed on the lower plane and we have completed our work on that plane we are called together by our globe-ruler. All those who are ready to go forward to the next are grouped to-

gether. We are under this globe-ruler and we love him for he is as God. He gathers us together in a group; we are flushed with desire to go forward. He explains our work ahead. And we are given over to the higher globe-ruler. We are still on our home plane. Suddenly we see a light, wonderful in its color, magical and powerful in its strength. We cannot look, we dare not, not in the sense of fear, but with a sense of duty and obedience. The light is soft, yet piercing, comforting, and love, Oh what love, a new, stronger, more complete love is rushed into our souls. We pass over to the next plane. It is as you say momentarily. Our globe-ruler is with us to teach us again in a higher sense. We know not why we cannot see or keep our eyes open to this wonderful light of God for we know it is His light; our love teaches us that. We have mysteries as you earth people do, but our mysteries are pure mysteries of God. If we wish to go on the next plane we cannot, until our work is finished on that plane, but if we wish to go to the one lower we have only to wish and it is granted, instantaneously we are there or back to our own plane. We cherish a tender loving hope of seeing God and His light. I believe that when we are assembled together to leave one plane and waiting for the transition, we are brought before our God for inspection, as an army arrayed before its general. Many of us believe that. And for that reason many believe our eyes are closed because we are not yet perfected enough to see our God. Our transi-

tion is not frightful or terrifying but full of hope and a new love. I know we are brought in front of God because we feel a new awakening in our souls. It is as a soft refreshing rain to the dry hot burning earth. It is refreshing and grand and our lives on the third plane are ready to be taken up. I believe we are in a semi-conscious condition when we are brought to our God.

Life on the third plane resembles that of the second to a great extent. Only this is more complex, complete and more perfect. We notice as we arrive on this plane that God's reflection is stronger. His globe-ruler more as we think He is. He instructs us only a little for we know about what we have to do. We are ready for our work and happy and content. There are houses here and animals also, and everything there is on earth. We have summer always and little night, as God's ray is stronger than that of the lower plane. We invent here, experiment to the highest degree. This plane is full of electricity and many men are here. Wonderful inventions are being perfected for experimental purposes. I cannot tell you about them or why they are being invented. The second and third are the only planes where manufacture and inventions are carried on. I shall tell you next about the reincarnation.

There was only one reincarnation, God incarnated His soul in His son for the people of the earth. That is the only true reincarnation as you know it. Souls that pass on to Heaven are never returned to earth for exist-

ence on earth again in a material form. Did you or any one on your earth ever see two persons exactly alike? No, never, they are always different in some way.

Yet you pass through a sort of reincarnation as you leave your world and pass into this. You are reincarnated to a perfect life, with a clean soul, and, if you desire, a new body, mapped from the old, but never reincarnated to earth again, after knowing God and seeing Him. Think of putting a soul, complete in every respect, perfect, alike to God Himself, into another disguise and placing him on earth again. It could not be or will it ever. Even animals are not reincarnated or brought back on earth. It would be a punishment to imprison the soul again after its release from the body.

Flowers pass through the same transformation or in a sense a reincarnation, as do souls. But once with us they never return to earth. Others may grow like them, but once here forever and hereafter. Do you get the sense of the word? Does it mean what it should? FOREVER, FOREVER. The reincarnation is impossible only, as God reincarnated His soul in His son for you.

The fourth plane is widely different from the first and second although we have the same love. Here there is no globe-ruler, we need none but God Himself. Yet we are not to see Him yet. But His light is very strong on this plane. We are made instructors if we wish on this plane. We do not have to live on this plane unless we wish; we may go to

the one lower. Some souls, I will say people, for we are people, not like you but more perfect, prefer to live on the second plane. That plane is the most like the earth and some call it the earth plane. Others prefer to live on the plane which they have reached. Here we are unto God Himself and our work is given to us by Him. All the guides come from this plane, those who guide the soul after it discards its shell. We feel the influence of God very strong here and we see we are much like Him. His light is strong yet not glaring like it was on the first plane and we dare look at it. That is because we are more perfect. It is soft to our eyes because we are more like our master. We have two more planes to cover before we see and know God. Then we know we shall be as He is and like unto Him. The Soul that He gave us has blossomed, flourished and grown into an everlasting fullness of peace and grace and rest.

I have told you about the first, second and third and fourth planes of the soul on its upward progress to the home of the Father. All I can say of the fifth plane could be defined by the one word Love. Here we come nearer to God than we ever did before. Here it is that our souls came from when first we took life. Here it is that our souls are completed to prepare for God, to live with Him forever. When a child is born there is life in his body, love in his soul, yet it is not complete. Where is the other half of his soul for the soul itself is not completed on earth. It is here that the soul is completed for God to teach and

love and to be with Him forever, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Here we are on the nearest plane to Him until we can be with Him on His heavenly plane. The light of God is marvelously strong here. It is a love, a light that cannot be described; we know that our meeting with God is soon to come. It is a land beautiful, trees, flowers and birds. And, Oh, such a wonderful fragrance fills the air! Always there is a soft far-away echo of music. It comes from God's home, for to God, music is love, love is music, and God is love. We are here long, although we have no work to accomplish. I think we are made to stay here until we can get used to God's powerful rays. It is wonderful and there are many things here I cannot explain, for the people who are going to read this message from God could not or would not be able to realize or conceive. I can only say it is too wonderful for world words. It is like a home of happiness for that it is, a land of love, love, love.

God Himself comes after us when we are ready to leave this plane; if only I could describe Him, but He is indescribable. He is the all, everything. I can give you His appearance only in this way. He is of the masculine sex, with a countenance as the sun itself. He has no wings. When first we arrive to the sixth plane, to the Lower Home of God, we cannot gaze at our God directly. When I first beheld him I was a little timid, not with fear but with a sensation of obedience. At first I thought I saw little wings on the side of his head, but when I looked again I was mistaken; God

smiled; I trembled, not with fear but in a sense of duty. God spoke, his voice, mighty, soft, majestic, and like unto a peal of far-off thunder. Many went home with me. I call it home for God wishes we would. We have no work to do here; if we wish to work we go to the second plane. If we wish to be guides we go to the fourth plane. When we came home God led us through the transition. We are now on His heavenly plane, never to be taken away unless for His noble work.*

The voice of God swells our heart. He talked to us long and whenever He spoke a flush of crimson filled the atmosphere. Oh, it is grand here, and how we love Him and how we love to be with Him! Here love is everything, love of Mother, sexual love, all reach their highest phase. Our love goes on forever, but we do not go to any higher plane than God's, but this plane is limitless. It is like the love of sweethearts, only a million times greater. Should one lover lose his love forever, he would love her just the same; his love would go on—where? To the end of space. Yet his body does not progress in comparison with his love. So with us our love is always increasing, yet we reach no higher planes in a numerical sense. We could not, for here we are with God, to love Him forever, for God's love is unsearchable. God is complex. I know He is on earth many, many times. He tells us He is at every death bed, but He does not say

* The act of SEEING God is called the Seventh Plane—It is numberless and complex. This transition is endless and what might be called the Seventh Plane. It is the reaction, and eventuates the other six planes.

death (I use it to make you understand). He is always near to the dying one who is to be born again. No guide is there in this great moment but the chief of all, God. He is always with the soul when it leaves the body. How many of your peoples who have fought death for days, unwilling almost to the end, to give yourselves up—then when this moment comes, leave their world of strife, with a smile as of God. What is this smile on the face of the dying, who are eager to live? Why are they, at the end, won over? Why do they want to go? Did your earth people ever think of this? Nothing could make a dying man, who has suffered agony for weeks, smile as God, but God Himself, God smiled, and lo, it is! For when the body is about to go to new birth God is revealed to him. He sees God and smiles back at his Lord. His poor weak suffering body is filled with a new desire, not to live on earth to be thrown about, but to go with the smiler at the bedside. God can be at hundreds of deathbeds (this is literal) at the same time, for he is complex, for God willed and it was so.

LOVE

How great your little world is in sin and how small your great world is in love! Christ inspired your bodies in love, he gave a Mother's love the bloom of Motherhood, the maiden's love the bloom of hope. Love is hope, hope is God and God is love. The earth needs love, love, love, as a dungeon needs a light. You are capable of great love, a little for a great world. But the world would be lost, lost to the spirits of the airy vapors were it not for your little love. Everything begins with love, God is love and he loves you with all your foolish little fancies, with a great, everlasting, celestial, and healing love.

If only you people of the world would love one-third of your hate how much closer you could be to us. There is a great dark divide between you and God, here and the hereafter, between the present and the future, a great divide that love could span, a great divide that love could light as a candle lights the Temples of God. Love is God and the more you love the sooner you will meet your Source of love, your Healer.

We cannot feel the effects of your whims but when you love we know it and we can conceive it. You are brought closer to us and your God. It is as a wanderer on a foreign shore. He hears a tinkle of a bell, he follows the sound. Does he know that he is going to his Mother and home who has been lost to him

many years? No. But he follows the little insignificant tinkle of the bell, minute in comparison to the noise of the world in which he is living. So is your love leading you to your home, Father and eternal bliss.

Love, love, love, will lead you as the bell leads the lost man. Why is it when you are given love, born by it, reared in it, and yet you are so ready to hate? Love, hate not; love is Heaven, God. God loves and to Him hate is your most evil sin, not that you will be punished in Heaven, no, for God brings you to Himself to restore and teach you His love not to make you scorn Him by your torture and agony. God is love and the more you love the sooner God is. How beautiful the child who knows only love. Why do you not all love as the child? You do not see the force of love only in your sarcastic sense of duty. How beautiful the babe in the cradle who is love, alone the love of God. Do you know why this little babe may be only two or three months old lies in her cradle and smiles in her sleep? She does not smile at things in her life, things which happened a day before, she cannot because she is too young to realize or remember. Then why does she lay in her crib, asleep, now and then smiling, why? Because she sees her God. And to see God you must be a symbol of love as the babe is. God loves children and often He stands near to them at night. God is love of the world and to see God, love with body and soul.

Our love here is like the bloom of flowers, strong as your oak, fragrant as your rose,

beautiful as your violet and pure as your lily. Our love is universal. We all love and God loves us all. Our strongest love here is that of God, and mates. *Here* we are mated.

What are your little societies, who make up the societies? Who are the founders of its decrees? What is conventionality? What are the laws of love, of Christ and God compared to your little earth laws. God says love; we love here or we would not be here. Love more and more, and you will be nearer to your God. Love is like the sky you see above, unbounded, indefinable and great in extent. You make the sin of the world by not loving as you ought. Love is the keyword to Heaven.

SINS

So unto you is the little babe, so you in turn are to Christ. You do not blame the babe for crying at night. You do not blame the child should he pick up a loaded gun and shoot his mother. You do not blame the child if he does any of these things. You do not punish him for life. You may punish him a little, send him to bed or make him go without something he desires. But you do not punish him for the years to come. You would pity him if anyone would punish him so. So as the babe is to you, you are to God. Your sins are your frailties; you are capable of all kinds of sins because your soul is not complete. God did not send your soul on earth in a perfect state because if He had done so He could not have saved your soul. He keeps half of your soul

in His soul in His eternal home. When you sin He pities you. He does not make you pay with years of agony in Heaven no more than the Mother does her child who has set the house on fire and left her in poverty. A Mother's love is a spark of God's love. He sees your weaknesses, He knows your faults, He considers your trials, which causes your sins, for as you are to God, God is to you. When you sin you pay on earth but not in Heaven. God is a gracious God, God is a kind God and God forgives His children as the mother, her child.

He came to prepare a place for you. Would he lock some souls out for the weaknesses they comprehend not? No, for our God is a generous God. Your sins on earth are small, little weaknesses. That you sin God knows, but He sees the soul, He came, He ascended to prepare a dwelling place.

For as the mother is to her babe, God is to you, generous, gracious and loving you with a love great and wonderful and world forgiving. If you love do you not forgive? Yea and God's love is a million times stronger, so He forgives a million times more.

Go ye and sin no more. God is love, Love forgiving and loved.

And now, little world, wallowing in your bed of strife, peopled with a people of weaknesses, governed by God and His love, do you understand? As an artist paints only the beautiful, never the ugly, so are your good traits and deeds painted or inscribed on the soul that God keeps.

HATE

Your life is drowned by sin as a flame is by water. Hate is the ruination of the soul on its earth plane. When a man lets hate slip into his soul he lets the love be burned as a flame burns the paper. Hate is not reflected on us but it brings the soul farther away from the hereafter. The soul has its mate, the rest of the soul which God keeps with Him, and this world-wide hate makes your earth soul smaller so that God has more repairing to do, before it can reach its mate half which God has kept. What is result of your hate? What is the cause of your war hate? What is the result of the war to the world? Hate a dead purple hate. Mothers who have lost sons, husbands and daughters, they realize the war and they hate. Thus separating the earth from its home. Hate is deadly, hate is killing. It kills love, it is as poisonous as the rattle-snake and it is universal here below. It is drowning out love. If you peoples of the earth could realize the significance of love and the killing powers of hate you would be more like the God above.

You are little peoples. You are much smaller now, compared to your station to be, with God and his home. Yet you relish hate, it flourishes in your bosoms. It is hard for you to love and easy to hate, while here we love and cannot hate. The comparison of love and hate are as a running stream which empties into the sea, and with a stagnant pool covered with the decay of ages.

When a man hates he is suffering himself and flinging out bitter resentment to his companions. The man who hates is lost to this plane and his soul suffers badly. Yet God is there pouring balm over his soul. If God did not do this the soul would be dead, it would die, never to return to life. Do anything but hate—even the act of murder is far better than hate. Hate is deadly as it scorches the soul and were it not for God's tender love to work against your hate your soul would be ashes given to the winds. Why can't you love when God is so generous and comforting? He loves you, He loves you far better than you know.

You hate because you are an ignorant race of people, frivolous, hating one another with a deadly hate. Love all you hate, and you will love God more and be near to Him and see Him sooner.

Can you not see that all your troubles here below, your wars and your strikes and strife come from a source known as hate? Hate is increasing in your world and I believe that a judgment day stands in wait for you poor beings there below.

Why will you hate when your God has given you all means to love? When he has put upon your earth the scenery of Heaven and given His son that hate might be erased from the world forever. When He has given you His likeness, even to His great love. When He has given you His promise? World! little world of love, big world of hate, cease your wars and strife, turn your hate to love and come to Him who gives you all.

Love, do not hate. Love, do not hate and the Kingdom of Heaven is yours.

GENEROSITY

When a man gives to his neighbor he lends to God. God is a generous God — did He not give His son to the world, and why? You never, never think why. No, you are too busy with your little things to think why. No one on your plane has ever had time to think why. God gave His son to save the world from destruction and the soul from agony, and give the body a new birth. Your race is a funny little race of people. Most of you would rather let your surplus of things, whether food or clothing, decay as your soul would were it not for Christ, rather than give to your neighbor. When you share with your neighbor you in turn lend to God, and blest is your soul. God is generous with His love, His son and His power, for God is love and His love is generous. I have said love was the beginning and the hereafter. No matter what subject I explain to you people, love is always the first.

Generosity is God, love is God and God is love. You have peoples who are what they think kind and good. Yet they deprive themselves of love, which is not generosity. Give to your neighbor, love your neighbor and God will smile. His smile is relief for your soul, home for your soul, a final resting place with God. God is the symbol of generosity. Could he have given anything more than His be-

loved son? Think of this, little world, think, for he who gives water shall receive water.

HYPOCRISY

The word as deadly as hate, as black as night, as stagnant as a pool! Hypocrisy is deadly, yet God does not condemn for always. He is slow to anger and ready to forget. If you love as He loves you, live a new life full of love of God. Love God and see God, I say love Him, strong, deep, with your body and your soul. He will forgive and condemn not. God is love. And do you want to counterfeit the soul, simulate the soul, which is you, your best? You are a proud little people with no reason at all. Yet you are proud.

A hypocrite is one who has shut God of love and strength out of his soul, who has lost his purpose on earth, yet he is a big, boisterous one, to the world or himself, and the small little being to God who knows his failures and pities him in the depths of his soul. Your world is full of hypocrites and of sin.

JEALOUSY

Dear little world, poor little world you should have no jealousy. For God gave His son to all, equally. He has given you no cause for jealousy as for all of you the reward of Heaven and perfect love is the same.

Dear little world, jealousy is a sister to hate. They go hand in hand, where one can fly in

so can the other, to kill the soul or cause discontent. Why should you be jealous if you think of the bliss of Heaven and the reward of God and the hereafter. But you are mortal and God knows you are capable of all such sins. Only one, the One above, the Lover, is all, is selfish. He is; He has a right, and He is jealous of sin, for you, you peoples of the far-off, love sin better than His love. Yet God forgives this deadly thorn which pierces the soul and kills the body. He knows thy every weakness and He sees your faults.

People of the world, sin no more; sins are hate, selfishness and lack of generosity and love. They are deadly to you. Love your God and He will shut sin, hateful sin, selfish sin, jealous sin out of your world.

PRIDE

Pride is two sided; it has a wicked side and a good side. The latter is quite unknown, in comparison to your numbers. Pride in God is the highest aim that your world-life could give you. You should be proud of God and His works, His mighty love, but not proud of your ego.

Self-pride is destruction, self-pride as you, above all, you first, then the other fellow (you see I talk in your language to make you comprehend more easily). Pride is destruction of soul if it is for self. But be proud of your God.

You do some great thing — you think it is great, but to us it is small. You shout your

praise to the four winds, you shout your praise to the world, to the peoples of those worlds, but do you stop to think, to wonder, to ponder, to question, whence your imagination, the food of your brain, the power of your plans? No, no, you only think how great am I and you desert your God, who sent your soul, who loves your soul and inspires and feeds your body with divine love and hope and strength and trust. Oh think well little world, your being now, as to your hereafter, is too meager, too small, too minute to be compared. When this pride comes so also does shame.

DUTY

God gave to your soul the highest sense of duty. Your perception of duty to your soul is very, very keen. God gave it for various reasons. It is a trial of body though you know it not, on earth. You know your duty, and you know God knows it, and the world. There is that little answering, inspiring, sensation in your heart, in your soul, that urges you to duty.

You feel it like a breath of cold air, you feel you should do your duty; you start to, then you forget; you run away from your duty. Then your soul pays hard on earth remember, on earth, there alone. God gives you the sense of duty first; then if you do not realize it, God helps you no more on earth. Lack of doing your duty is unpardonable to Him for in your heart He has insured such realization of duty that even the faintest in faith and

hope and trust knows that call. God is so good to you and wants to help you so and does help you so. Have you ever started to go to a certain place or do a certain thing, then, on a second thought, (your second thought is God's thought) you decided differently? The reader will think many times the second thought is worse than the first, the end more destructive; but remember God's wisdom is great and His ways wondrous. That thought is duty to the soul and duty to God and the world.

Do your duty at all times, under all circumstances, and God is yours forever.

Think of Christ at Calvary. Did he do his duty and how did he? That is what counts with God, a willing sense of duty, hopeful and performed in earnestness; only the beginning is hard for if you begin your duty right, God is with you.

FEAR OF MAN, FEAR OF GOD

You fear man because you cannot know of love as you ought. If you knew God's love you would not fear man. You fear him, fear he will ruin you, fear he may overcome you. Fear is deadly in this case, as it is the lack of love. Christ knew no fear, Christ could not for he forgave his enemies, for he knew they sinned against him and knew it not. Fear is the lack of Godly love. It is large, covering the world with sin. What is the cause of your wars, why all this wallowing in blood, why all these unnamed graves, watery graves, why all

these tears of sorrow and grief? Fear. Fear, fear of man — fear of being conquered by man, who is as equal as he (I mean the Kaiser, the brute of fear). Fear caused all these, and how deadly is fear, the lack of love.

FEAR OF GOD

Fear of God is love, how contrasting, but how true. You fear God because you fear the future and you, fearing, will try to please him and be as He is. To fear God is to love God, to fear God with a true soul is to see God.

HOPE

Hope is the seed of the soul, the food of the body, and mind. Hope is a flower; it buds; it blooms; it flourishes in the sun; it fades but why? Oh, what does it leave? Its fragrance on the earth, its image on the mind! So in turn, hope leaves the soul with a picture of God, God's soul never to be erased. Hope may fade but only to be born again; it is like the eddying sea, one little wave after the other; so on forever and anon. Hope is God. God gives you hope and love in partnership. Hope is love. You can never lose hope; it can stand the test of water, fire, but ever comes to the front, blooming.

God is hope for you; hope to see Him. If there were no hope in this world there would be no world. The more a man hopes the more he loves, the greater his reward for hope is the stimulating power from the spirit of God,

the soul of God Himself. Hope dear world. Hope to see God and you will. Nothing is impossible to him who hopes and all things are possible. There is a secret in hope. I cannot describe it to you as you would perceive it not. But hope and you will have all you want and desire to have. Hope is God, love is God, hope is love. It is essential, it is holy, it is divine and to him who hopes nothing is impossible.

MERCY

“The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth from the Heaven above upon the place beneath.”

God is the password of mercy. How great is His mercy, like the fountain, flowing to Heaven, back to earth, brilliant in the rays of the sun, colored with the light of Heaven. God is merciful to you children of the earth. God is merciful to you and loves you. God is full of mercy for your sins, mercy for your faults. God loves you as a sign of His mercy. And God gave His son to show His mercy. You children of little minds, are you merciful in turn? No, no. For instance, something happens in your home or in your worlds; you say why did God let it be; perhaps a death, rather a birth, a giving of the soul to God. You mourn and say, how could God do it? The answer is, in His mercy He does all things well. You cannot see the merciful side of it, no, for you are too ignorant and small and narrow-minded. Yet God is merciful and in

mercy He calls His children home, home to Him from danger as a mother calls her son from the pond away from danger of thin ice. This giving birth of the soul by death is mercy. Poor children, you cannot understand Him but you will when your day of days is revealed. The quality of mercy is not strained. God is merciful and merciful to the people of the world where you stay, for God does all things well.

JUSTICE

As a symbol of your justice you have a lady blind-folded holding the weights of justice. Why do you have her blind-folded? There you are! She cannot see, she is as blind as your justice. Justice, you know not what it means, because it is not justice as to judging, but a financial justice. For instance a poor man comes before your court, ragged and weak. He is convicted of theft for bread to live on, and he is sent to jail punished for his hunger. While a man higher in a social and financial platform only robbed a million people of their hard earned wages, he stole from these people in a banking business. Is he sentenced? No, he is talked to a little, then invited out to dine with his judges. Or if he is sentenced to spend his time in jail he is led to his cell in state. His cell is upholstered in satin, pictures of "Grace and Innocence" decorate his walls, his meals are served in courses (even to the finger bowls) he spends his term here, which is a rest, comes out fresh

and ready to do the same thing over. Justice, is that your justice? Is that your view of justice? Again I say you follow the minority but to God justice is justice; to Him it means equal balance, equal right to live and love. God is justice and His son Christ on the cross at Calvary is a symbol of Justice. How little, of no consequence, is your justice, for it is not justice, but whole robberies—disgusting robberies of a soul's right to live.

When Christ met the hungry, when Christ met the weak, when Christ met the afflicted, did he push them aside and turn them down? No he healed them all, pitied them and brought them to God. That is justice, but your world would never know it until you take off the blindfold from your lady, tear up that handicap of the lady of equal balance, give her a chance and justice will predominate. For a just weight is a delight to the Lord.

CHRIST AND GOD, GOD AND CHRIST

God was in the beginning, He was the first, His son was second, but as one is to the other, both are to the world.

God sent Himself through Christ to the earth for you to profit by, to prepare you for His home. God cannot be reasoned with, concerning His marvelous powers for He is God. Capable of all things He could not come to earth Himself for then Heaven would never have been. He had to stay. So He created flesh of His flesh, bone of His bone, in His wonderful power, a son. Do you understand?

I cannot explain the conception more; it is not for you to know. But Christ is God and God is Christ. And Christ is of God and one is of the other. They are one unit. We are taught in our home that as Christ is to God a part of the whole we will be with our mates. Is it hard to understand? It is a very delicate question, a secret which new birth alone can reveal, as Christ was revealed to earth. God gave His son as a sign of mercy, love, faith, trust, hope and an eternal home. When God is near, Christ is near; it is very hard for you to understand, but to us it is as sunshine, bright and clear.

Christ is God's shadow alike to Him, and, as you, who pass in the sunlight throw a shadow, so God does likewise. A shadow of love, hope and faith, not black as your shadow is, but bright, illuminating the Heavens with a love that is God.

When you have passed the borderland and reached your Heavenly home to be with Christ and God, God and Christ, you will be relieved of your mask and permitted to see and know all.

As a bud of a flower is to the blossom, for were it not for the bud there would be no flower, in the same sense Christ is to God. They are united, they are united in love and faith for you poor beings below, but yet widely separated. Christ will come again. I know it is so, he is coming.

EPILOGUE

MYSTERIES OF HEAVEN

Oh Lord, how manifold are your works, by your wisdom alone we know you, the earth is full of your riches.

Our planes, our homes of God, our love of God all are completed. We are able to create here, for we can create what we desire. Many people here create the things they most desired on earth. We are able to do this because we know love, because our souls are complete, because God is our ruler and our Father. God is love and to love there is no bounds. We are the immortal, we have thrown away all encumbrances, we have been born again in a perfect condition. Time does not exist here. We know no time as you do by days, months and years. Our time is only a sense of completion. Nor do we have age, as we are not materialized, that could not be. Nor do we have distances. We can be a thousand miles away from our planes or your earth and in an instant, a wink, back to our plane or where ever we wish; we think and we are, we wish and it is. Neither time or distance, or age exists here.

I have taken you, dear reader, to your home, to your home in the hereafter, to your God, through this noble child, and by the "Leaves From Heaven" I have taken you to our seventh plane, our worlds. I have described the first,

the preparatory, the second, the earth plane, where all trades and occupations are carried on, where we live as you try to live on earth.

To the third plane, the inventive plane, to the fourth plane, from which the guides come; to the fifth plane, the preparatory plane for the meeting of God, to the sixth and seventh planes where we are with God forever. I have revealed all that God ordained; I have told you only what He willed and all that is here written is true. I have given to you, the reader of this book, the message of God. I have bid you to be prepared.

I have shown to your dark, unlighted world the value of love, the value of faith, the value of hope, the value of truth and that of justice. I will try and make clear to you how love is perfected in Heaven. How by loving more on earth, so much more in Heaven. God is love and love is God and Heaven is home for the sick, for the weak, for the meek and for the rich and poor; an equal Heaven, equal in all its wonderful powers and of love.

I have shown you how God loves you and spares you, pleads with you, begs of you, implores you and then forgiving your sins, your faults, your absence of love of Him, takes you home. I have shown you the transition from your so-called death of the earth, to the new birth, and the transition from each of our planes to the higher planes.

I have told you in His words of our guides, our teachers and our preparers. All these I have told you through the clean clear brain of this child. I have shown of God's mercy.

God is so merciful that at your death-bed he does not send a substitute but he comes in person, so that the transition may be gentle, without shock or fear. For a glance of God and the roaring lions are asleep.

I have shown to you how your good acts, your soul itself, can reflect on the happy planes from whence I come. I have told you that there is no punishment except remorse, and how God is merciful. To you dear reader all this has been revealed. To you I have spoken with the voice of God. To you this message has been sent and as a falling leaf from the mother tree, this message comes to you, softly, and enlightening, revealing and making better your soul. It is the voice of God and the words of God and God's love. In the beginning you ask whence the "Leaves From Heaven." You were mystified, a little afraid, but now you have grown strong under this message. You know more of God than has ever before been revealed to your plane.

God is love, love is new birth to your soul, to your relatives and friends, and to your God. If you are weary from a life of pilgrimage there is rest for you, rest with God. If you are weak with care and sickness there is cure and relief. If you are troubled in heart there is perfect peace. If you are maimed through your wars there is perfect completion of body if you desire, and always completion of soul. God awaits you with His love, His promise and when once you see His light, never, never could you think of returning to your globe of misery. You, the peoples of the earth can

only get a faint impression of His love by the inevitable sky above you, of His glory by the glare of the sun, of His mercy by the softness of the sunshine, of His strength by the force of the elements. These alone are God's and to God they belong.

Dear reader, now as we have reached the closing of the "Leaves From Heaven" let me again say of God's love. Love God and you are saved to be born again, to see Him and your friends. God's love is like the flowers of earth, which are the deeds and love of God, beautiful in coloring, wonderful to the eye, everlasting to the mind, and perfume to the soul. God is love, God is merciful, love is hope; thus the leaves of love, the flowers of mercy, hope, and faith come to you from God Himself, in this book which God has called the "Leaves From Heaven."

For our God is a zealous God and as God wills so shall it be.

Harry, your earth people feel it, very near to you often, and often you feel His presence by a silence that is almost audible. I am going to tell you about our Heaven, our home-plane, trees and birds.

Harry, oh I can hardly describe our Heaven to you my son. You are blessed here for your goodness to me before I left your world, all your kindness to me and father are multiplied tenfold.

And we have birds here, you know in one of your books there is written, "God knows every sparrow's fall." He saves even the birds for an eternal life.

Harry, aren't your plane peoples very ignorant? *You* are not and I am glad. They cannot see what reward the fallen bird has, who also has another life to live without fright. I see you understand and I am glad.

Father Townsend.

Question: How about Free Will?

Yes, Harry, your free will is God's will. But I will lead up to that. Do you want to hear what I have to say, what I was going to say?

You asked about free-will, do you know what you ask about? Harry I know, you have the ladder, I mean what your earth peoples use to build with, to ascend, you have the two steps, the two straight supporters for the rounds; each supporter has two individual ends, the tops and the bottoms; is this clear before I go on?

We will number them one and two, top and bottom of remaining number one. Number one is birth of Soul in Heaven, it is high as your routine or stairway of life is given, birth in Heaven, then coming to earth. Harry the sub-number one of the supporter is the one that stands on the ground. That is your material birth.

The supporting ladder on earth is nearly perfect, I mean strong and looks enduring and your carpenter says it will hold, that it is a good ladder, but one or two rounds are missing at God's will, but the carpenter thinks that he can use it, do you understand, Harry? Each round of this ladder we will name; the first may be a good act, it probably will be as the first part of one's career, it is likely to be

all of good, as the infancy, maybe the second and third act (I mean rounds) will be good deeds, the fourth and fifth good deeds, then two or three rounds will be broken as wicked acts, you understand; Harry.

Perhaps the ladder may be only two or three feet, or, maybe twenty feet high, either it may be very short or very high, as the duration of the life. If your carpenter expects to work on a high building he chooses a long ladder, not a short one, so God chooses your ladder so, if your work on earth is to be very long then your ladder of life is long, if you are born weak, then your ladder of life is also short or weak, if for instance God chooses an individual's work on earth, plentiful and long, so is his ladder of life.

Each round must be stepped on, each supporter used to cling to as you climb your ladder, for your supporters are the *results* of your acts of your career, as the supporters are the result of the ladder, so if the supporters are weak, the ladder is weak and will break.

So Harry, as I said before, you begin to climb as a babe, careful, little by little and as a result your first rounds will probably be strong.

Each round is an act, each act makes up a career, and the career is your pathway of life; do you, Oh do you understand?

We will say the fifth from the top of the ladder of life, the fifth round is broken, completely off, or there is no round, then what? That is the end of your life, your new birth is

about to take place and your ladder of life is finished on earth, the rest completed on the first plane.

We will begin with the babe on the first round, each round is touched, each round is sounded and results. One support is from Heaven to earth (which is number one) the other from earth to Heaven (number two) you understand? I know you realize the contrast of life, the contrast with one hand on the supporter which extends from Heaven to earth, the other hand on the supporter which leads from earth to Heaven. (That contrast is your earth-tragedy).

Harry we will begin on the bottom round, climbing slowly up to Heaven or top of ladder as a child first, on each round growing a little older, or stronger or weaker, sinning great or little, always the two together.

He climbs steadily, then he steps on a round, it breaks and he falls, but not to earth as you would, only literally speaking, one round we will say will be divided into a good and evil part, good predominating, but the bad is chosen, the evil: he cannot choose only the one ordained by God in his birth. He must choose the one God has given him to decide, or decided. He could not; but if his will-power, free will power is very, very strong and sensitive to God's will he will hesitate, then that is an act and that hesitation is his free will power, do you understand Harry?

He climbs blindly, steadily, cringing with fear, he cannot fail for his foundation is strong and his soul is bound to rise, for God is at

the doorway, waiting and beckoning, smiling at the soul on the road to the Heavenly home. Thus he climbs up, up, sinning, doing good, sinning, each an act, sub-act, a round connecting the stays or supporters of birth to earth and then to home.

Number two is Heaven, the doorway of home, where his path extends to, or his ladder leans against, he cannot fail, his soul will rise, as a bubble rises through the water to the surface.

So is your ladder of life, a turmoil, a contrast, you go with one hand on supporters from Heaven, the other on the supporters to Heaven.

It is like having a hundred pound weight on your feet and a balloon on your head (realize the contrast?) you are born to live, suffer, sin, be born again to a life complete in love and perfect in God.

Harry, so is your ladder the same, from the cradle of Heaven, to the grave of body and the birth of the soul.

LIFE

CLARA TOWNSEND

(Was Mother Casterline with us last night, Clara, when Father Townsend was talking to me through Ethel?)

(CLARA)

No, but father Townsend sent for them where he was on the fourth plane, they gathered there, all but mother Casterline, so father Townsend went back to second plane for mother Casterline. He was in the room a great deal but did not stay on account of his holy atmosphere, which was too strong for Ethel, (I make him be very careful for his personality, his heavenly environment is very startling and penetrating to Ethel; that is the cause of her present condition, understand Edith?) *

Ethel you like pretty picturesque things, so I will describe life in heavenly words, while father described it in barren, thick, descriptive man-words.

Clara Townsend.

LIFE

Life we will say is a mountain, a high mountain and you are going to climb, for you see your hopes, your ambitions realized in God at

* My wife, given name.

the top of the mountain. You start down the road of life, road of despair, road of love, road of anguish, road of hope; each milestone is a character of good or bad. You reach the mountain, you stop and look up, up, you *understand*, up, not sideways for your soul points up. You decide it is steep, very rugged, but Oh, see the beautiful flower a little about midway; you say "If I can only reach that flower I will be satisfied." We will say that that flower is a hope, it is sent by God to spur you on, encourage you. You start to climb, you slip back, you regain your place, slip back again, and just as you are in the bottomless pit of despair, behold, dear child, the flower, how much more beautiful, and now you can even smell its fragrance; you try again, you

*In explanation of the question and answer on the opposite page, I want to say that the evening before when Father Townsend was sending in his message on Foreordination, Ethel was writing with her left arm curved on the table her head resting upon it and her eyes partly closed, (the attitude she always assumed when taking messages) there came a warning written into Father's message, from Clara, saying for me to watch Ethel for she was going to collapse. Up to that warning I had not noticed her, but now I looked and saw she was dead white, but Father kept sending the message just the same until he had finished, when it became necessary to lift Ethel out of her chair and carry her to the couch where she remained all night. The next night Father told us he had stood too close to her in sending his message and that his spiritual atmosphere was too strong for her. He said it would never happen again nor did it. He said he would send all messages from himself from first plane thereafter. I write this so you will understand what Clara refers to in speaking about Ethel.

succeed, perhaps you reach the flower, perhaps when you reach its abode it is still ahead of you, but you do not despair now, for just a glance backwards, towards the bottom of the mountain from where you started, fills you with that desire to go up, up, up. Nature tries you, tempts you, lifts you, cuts you, bruises you, your body, but fills your soul with that ever rising desire to go up (understand) (read).

Your soul will rise because always it is reaching out in a million ways for the harmony, the harmonizing waves from God, to the soul; only the good of earth, and the harmony and unity of Heaven is sensitive to the Soul. Harmony melts into the soul as one drop of water does into the sea, becomes a part of the whole, understand, and your soul is always reaching out, as the tentacles of your sponges of the ocean for food, reaching out, pulling back, reaching out, yielding and carrying back to the soul the accordance, the harmony of Heaven. It is like two flames united to produce more heat. The soul only acts upon or picks up what is in the environment that is exactly like itself, and that in turn performs the same duty and so on always extending out, reaching up, (yielding back when a strain of unharmony or discord is reached.) It is like one of your water plants reaching its millions of rootlets out through the water, feeling, sounding and drawing back in a minute, and resuming its natural appearance.

(But I am off your question Ethel, I guess I was reading Harry's thought.)

You are only starting up the mountain just a gain of a little, but you have no thoughts of returning, no. Rise, want, want to rise. You look aloft and behold, you see the light of God — *but wait* — a dark cloud marks out the image of God. And out of a hidden fissure or cave in the mountain steps Hypocrisy, huge, and she chains your feet and binds your eyes, but, she herself, is weak and blind and she thinks you cannot get away, so she leaves you chained to her cave door and retreats therein. But no, no, she does not know your soul, she has only come to a decision by your careworn countenance, you look aloft, you look at the chains of hypocrisy, strong, but you struggle; they tighten, on you, you struggle again, you become weaker and just as you are going to utter a cry of remorse to God, behold you are free, and struggle up the mountain again. You seem weak, yet that soul of yours seems to push you up and say to you, you *cannot* fail, go *on, on* and *on*, and so you climb again realizing your hopes and sins and God's sun shines on you and you are strengthened and you drink in the beauty of the scenery, the wonder of God, you are moved by Him then in turn tried by Him, tested and spurned by Him to try His experiment endowed on you.

Again you travel upward, you are encouraged by God and you think you are nearly to the sun, the crown of the mountain, when sin steps out of his cave, a four-headed Sin — one head hatred, one jealousy, one murder, one and the main head, selfishness; he does

not chain you but he talks to you, he pleads in a voice of pity, to follow him, to join him. He shows you wonderful hopes you can realize; you are tempted; you stand as if one foot on the mountain the other in the air. You picture his hopes, yet you looked *well* and you see his foundations are on sand. When you see this, when your soul pictures it to your eyes *you have won* and you look, where is the monster? He is gone, hurrying, crouching away in the shadow of the cave.

Again you go on not knowing your God is by your side, and at last you reach the top of the mountain, but why the look of despair, the cry of anguish, the shock of remorse? Lo and behold you see the sun resting its head on the crown of another mountain in the distance, you fall in a faint of despair, torture, and humiliation and lost hope; you sleep a wink and then your God is with you, you see His smile, your soul is tranquil, you smile back at the smiler, you see all your hopes realized, you smile, you faint, you sleep, you wake, to go with God. Child, God leads you on, on, spurns you, mocks you, sounds and tunes you, tests you, tries you, rebels you, to make your Soul. Then at the final moment, the hour of victory. He is there ready to receive His masterpiece, to take it home to love and teach it forever.

Question: Why Father, do we not have the chance to do right?

Harry this is steel type. Harry if all your people knew what was right and always did it and always lived the perfect life, what

would your world be? What Harry? Why, Heaven in every respect. Because you would have no sin, no wickedness and you would be perfect. You would not need a new life or a new birth or a heavenly home, for your earth would be that, and Harry you would not have that wonderful mystery of Heaven and seeing of God to look forward to were you without sin on your earth plane, if you understand I will go on.

Question: Why do people not like to acknowledge God?

Yes, yes, Harry I received your perception that is right; they are a little afraid, abashed to acknowledge God, yet they say I have a Bible home. Should you go to their home and look for their Bible, sure enough you would find it, but not until you removed four or five years of dust; yet they *have* a Bible home.

No, Harry I am not speaking about morals; no, Harry you are mistaken, very bad, son; but I am speaking about truths of God. Truths your earth people see every day, know them to be truths but do not want to accept them as such; they want to know *why* they are truths of God or promises of God. You see son, I am speaking about the *visible* effects of God on your world, how you know and feel Him and comprehend not.

Your earth peoples know there is a God; and pin them down to the smallest atom, cross-examine them, and they will admit God, yet, place them in a crowd of your earth people and they will make believe they do not; they would not want to commit themselves, openly,

among so many. Yet they know there is a ruler of their Universe; they know that there is a life to be, but they want to see if there is any possible way they can find anything contradictory to the fact, just a little frail side issue, that is all.

Then they will polish it up and leave the polishing *stuff* on, not take it off to see the results it has made but leave it on, so their frail little contradictory fact will be enlarged a little, a little more pronounced, yet they believe in *God* and in the *Book* but they, why will they question? cross and recross-examine *Him*, who cannot be defined? Harry isn't it interesting? And so funny, Harry, for your peoples have a million ways of knowing God and not one single way of rejecting or doubting Him.

FOREORDINATION

FATHER TOWNSEND

Question: Father, is everything foreordained?

No, Harry, you are wrong, no sins can be avoided or made over, or stopped for a good act, for each of your sins are one act, in your routine of life on earth. At the minute of birth, the minute you are given life, your routine of life or your career or journey is mapped or planned out, each sin, each good deed in your routine is a sub act to another act, good or wicked; if you hesitate, you know not whether to do the wicked, which you know to be bad, or do the good which you know to be good; that is one act, one step in your career of life or your road; that is one stone on your road, or a flower, you cannot skip it, you cannot go around, you cannot jump over it, you cannot mine under it, for it in itself, whether wicked to the uttermost or good to the uttermost is a link in your life, a step in your career, a stone or a flower on your path; it has been marked out Harry, planned out and has got to be; you could not skip over an act or step, no more than you could climb on a ladder and jump from the second or third round to the top of it, where you had determined to go; so with your life, your wickedness, your goodness, your dangling, hesitating swinging ideas, of whether it is good or evil, all are rounds in your ladder of life.

God, Harry (this is Father all the time, Ethel, not Clara) Harry: — God often changes a road of your life, or a round in your ladder, putting in a new strong rung, one you do not know whether it will hold you or not. He puts in a weak one, (often He does) and you fall by it, it breaks under your strength, that act of God in itself is an act of your journey, an act of your career. Harry, Oh Harry, is it plain to you. Yes, but read; that moment in your life is an act in your life, which cannot be avoided.

Question: Do we not know good?

Harry, yes, perhaps as you would look at it, but Harry, you cannot determine it for it has been decided, and what you decide, whether good or evil, is *what was decided by God* when He mapped your journey through life.

Harry, no, no test, no test, Harry, no test. That weak round, if God puts in one, it is a result of the rest of your life, a good result, although in itself it may seem very bad, very sorrowful, but its results on the rest of your life is good, for the best, and Harry, when God puts in a new round, weak or strong, or changes your pathway of life, the remainder of your career is changed from that period on, as God sees fit. But Harry, that weak round makes the rest of the rounds stronger, because you have gone through the experience of falling, do you understand, Harry?

Question: Is *all* foreordained?

Yes, yes, yes, every hope, wish, mistake, trouble.

CLARA

Harry, I was a little afraid you were not going to talk with me tonight. Father heard what you said about him, and he laughed over it, it pleased him so Harry, yes, yes. I hope Harry, I hope Harry—are you and your people living under the bonds of slavery? Oh, I wish we could talk every night. Harry I have been on the first plane all day caring for wounded, sick and wounded, and I have been on earth a great deal, Europe, where there was a train wreck, January 17 or 18, 1920, O. K.

FATHER

Harry, now I am going to tell you just how funny, little peoples how queer you are; I mean Harry, my son, (this is father speaking) I mean your earth peoples. Here you have them; they have a strong, reliable, perfect foundation for a certain subject, a foundation built as if on rock, and then another frail, poor foundation, built on sand, they know the good foundation will stand all tests, yet if they do not, they do not question about it, but just jump into the frail little sandy foundation, just to see, just to experience, what will become of it, how it will stand their weight; they never question the frail foundation, but jump into the abyss, they never question the strong foundation but leave it alone and follow the frail weakness.

Harry! Harry! "Clara speaking." Have you ever guessed to your mind of speech exactly

what I am Harry? Have you ever thought "She must be an angel," have you? Do you know what that word means Harry? No! do not think only about this child. I told you the guides were men; you remember* Jere told you also, that is right, and brother, you know what angel means "Daughter of God." Men are never angels by name, they are called guides, but we, the daughters of God are the angels. We do not have wings unless we wish, although we fly, or float, through the air, the Heaven, if we wish; perhaps we want to travel naturally, but fast; then we fly instead of wish, and are there Harry, we never pass through houses or through trees, or through brick walls as is sometimes described on your plane; No! We do not only when we are in a spirit stage, invisible to you then, Oh, Harry, how could you see us, you could not, yet your earth people say we pass through brick walls or cement houses or any of those things, like you pass through smoke; but see how foolish it is, because you cannot see a spirit, yet some men on your plane wrote that we go through, penetrate stone piles in a material form.

"Present capacity to view mental capacity while on earth."

Harry! yes my son, I can see, I see my weakness, from a humorous platform. It does not worry me or make me feel bad, because there is no sorrow here, Harry, do not think me proud now, yet I have reason to be; where I am we do not cherish proudness, but Harry,

* Brother-in-law, passed on, 1913.

I see I was far above many of my friends, when I was on your plane, yet I see now from the height, where I now stand, the heights of perfection, that I was very small and meager, compared with me now. I see it from the humorous side, and I smile.

Question: Does personality change after re-birth?

Say Harry, about personality and character, just imagine a man going home leaving his personality on earth, so and so, then going to his master who would change his personality and character, make it entirely different, who would he be? Harry, he wouldn't be. His Soul in Heaven could not unite with his personal soul, his earthly personality; it would be like making a triangle into a square, quite impossible.

Harry, your personality is not changed, not one little bit, but supposing you have some bad traits, personality contains no bad traits, so the evil is sin, not personality, which is the image of the production or the result, or the reflection of your soul in Heaven. Personality is character and character is of good doings or results; thus, the good in your soul, personal soul, is only strengthened, and the bad is eradicated, and the good substituted. I know they say bad traits of character, but, if bad, it is not character, you use the word wrong. A weak personality, Harry, is a small personality, a little personality, and generally when it is small, I will say not generally but *always* Harry, the personality waiting the coming of the soul which has been imprisoned

on earth, is just that much, larger, that much stronger, to bring his earth personality to the right standard of perfection. Personality is affected by environment, and an environment in return, is the influence of the soul surrounding the body invisibly.

EFFECTS OF PRAYER

Prayer, Harry, is very, very good for the Soul in Heaven; prayers reflect on it momentarily as an image reflects in the pool of water. They prepare the soul, they refine the soul, as they are mostly of hopes; hopes are prayers and those who believe in prayer believe in hope; those hopes will present themselves in time, very pronounced, I mean prayers. Prayers not altogether in a fine church, when you are dressed all in fligagigs and lace, but prayers which come from the soul, from the longings of hope and desire, they are the voice of the soul in this case, and not the voice of pride or habit. God always, always hears the prayer of the soul. Harry, I do not mean that you have got to be in your church, on bended knees, but the prayers *I* mean are these, a rush of hope from the soul, perhaps when you are working or contending with strife, those which come quickly, in a moment. Harry, I am glad God does not always answer your prayer, not always, but if you have a prayer that is answered, remember it was an incident or step on your stairway of life, that he has answered. Many times your soul, your other half, influences your bodily soul, then a

prayer coming from Heaven to your soul, on earth through God, is answered by God, often it is this way, though you do not know, that gasping of breath, that rushing prayer was sent by God to complete your round on your journey home; as an explorer coming from a foreign land to his own country, are you on your journey home.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY

So Harry we will define mortality first.

Mortality is the evidence of reason, to distinguish between right and wrong. Do you see Harry, you do, I know. It is the duty of the senses, yet you are not permitted to distinguish the evidence, or I mean to have the liberty to use your reasoning unless they are the reasonings God has determined for you. Now, Harry, what could be clearer? So for example, should you have the power to pick up a locomotive from nowhere, and holding it in your hand, make the underlay construct the track; put the engine on it and say *go*, where would that engine go? Why just where the track did! Up hill and down hill, over seas or over ravines, if the track did, certainly; or if you had the power to create a river, and with your hand say, "run this way," meanwhile pointing out its course with your hand where would the river run? Where you had determined it to go. Maybe through marshes, filthy places, but it would go where you had coursed it. Do you get the simile? And just so has God planned out your stay on

earth. Harry, if you go down town at three o'clock on Wednesday, God has ordained just that, that you go down town Wednesday at three. If a child expects to go to a well after water, he starts and half way there he turns and hastens back from where he started does a certain little thing, then goes to the well; although you see he would be a few minutes later than if he had not returned home, but that was just to be; perhaps God returned him to his home for some little thing, maybe only to tell his Mother something, maybe only to get his ball, but you see those two minutes could possibly change his whole routine; so God intercepted him so, to make his following routine, to run in unity. Do you see? It is simple, easy, very, very, easy. *Everything you do, you do not do.* You think, you forget, it is a link in your chain; but, suppose you could drop a link then what would you have, why two parts incomplete. Do you understand and see? Man can never drop or lose one little act of his routine, or his career, should it only be picking up a pin on the walk, when he is going home or away, it has just got to be.

How many people know these things father? Why Harry, a handful, a child's hand, Harry. Father, if we could all know this, then we could always know just exactly what was right and do it; why cannot that be? Harry, we will try and suppose it, to what advantage would it bring them? None. They would take it as a matter of fact, I mean your world as a whole, of course some, like you Harry, would give it thought, and ponder on it,

but the world would just let it drift by. Many of your people believe in an infernal *Hell*, you know that, but Harry, do they lead their lives in any different way? Even if they could, they would sin just the same sins, and while sinning would forget their Hell of heat and fire; but we will say the whole world does know.

We will say they know their course of life planned by God, just as they know God now. You would think that they would say "Why, I don't care what I say or do, or if I kill, because it must be in my course." They would kill a man and say to themselves, "God ordained it." *Remember*, the above is supposition, to make clear.

But, Harry, it would not make any difference whatsoever. *For God* has marked their life by a path and sideway or alleys, and they could not do any different. Do you see? I want it clear, Harry.

Heaven, Harry, is run on a basis of accordance, unity and harmony, plus a *love* stronger than knowledge; it is run on a basis as your world, only in a harmonizing way. *Here* everything is immortal, and *with you* everything is mortal, do you see the yawning divide? It is very, very easy to see that you people are of a perishable stuff, you are imprisoned; you are bound down with a chain of life, yet in your soul is that awful sensation of rising to God, which Harry, is your discontent that you all experience on earth.

As I see you now your peoples of earth are proud of what is called mortality. But why? Because you say that is the only thing that

separates you from the animal Kingdom. Yet if your earth dog could speak he would say, "run away, man, you are mortal, while I am immortal." He would lift his head and go his way. You are like a rubber ball and a child, no connection between the child and ball, no connection only a chain of slavery, the child the master, the ball the slave; he bounds the ball and catches it, bounds it again and catches, throws it in the air and catches it; so God has put your soul on earth, in a shell, as we will say, and throws you on earth, for hardships and sorrow; but why does He, you will say, why does He throw sorrow on us, tempt us, when He could lead us right, save us from trouble and anguish and care and strife?

Harry, this is why, this I tell *you*, He does it because the soul that has never sinned, seen sin, experienced the result of sin, gains the grand reward, by the experience that only life on earth can give. As I said it polishes and refines the soul, strengthens it by seeing and experiencing the failure of the body, on earth, and as the ball thrown on earth, bounds back to the sender, understand? Back to the Source from whence it came, tempted but succeeding, strengthened by failure of body on earth.

Sin, Harry, cannot destroy the soul; it cannot, but it can check and retard the growth of the soul. That is the only result of earth sin, which God inflicts on your peoples. You know, for instance, take a very valuable subject, you first find all its antecedents, which harm it, do you not? For when knowing

things that harm your purpose, you avoid the harmful elements to your uttermost but if they fling themselves before you you gain much through bitterness.

So with the soul. God sends the soul Harry (——) and calls it home for rest and eternity Home, Harry, Ethel is tiring out, father is so magnetic — it is very hard work for her.

Harry, people wonder on your plane — when God is so merciful why he inflicts pain so readily. I have told you why to purify the Soul as I said.

Now Harry, I am going to tell you a little about your race of beings. You think, you even say, "we are free people, the days of slavery are over." Down to your time, Harry, from the beginning, forever, on earth, you will be under the stripes of slavery. I mean your bodies, yet you say, you are free people. You are not, for you know the ruler of Germany has made the whole universe of yours his slaves. Is it not true? Yes. I know what you will say, we had to, to protect our homes; yes but just the same you did it under a sense of slavery, yet your people never imagine they are slaves.

Harry only your soul is free, free a little, but just the same free, because it cannot sin and because it has a reward; of course it is imprisoned but just the same it is your master, your ruler, your governing impulse and again you are the slave of your bodies.

The animals of your plane have a wider range of freedom than you for their souls are immortal, more than your souls are. I do not

mean that it is in heaven but on earth (more immortal) than your soul, for on earth their souls are complete, while your soul awaits completion.

Yes, Harry and again your race is a slave to natural circumstances, again you are slaves, you know exactly what caused the earth war. Do you? No. No one on your earth does, not even the originator of the war. He does not know. I will tell you, a two and one-half minute delay in a certain response of a German officer, can you realize it? And God caused that delay, for his purpose, the war. I cannot tell you why your war was started, I mean why God ordained it, but you know why it was started on *your* basis of existence. I only wish I could tell, but God had a great purpose for it, something like the flood of the olden days; I cannot say more, for God does not permit. I know your people look at it with a terrible feeling of injustice; but if they could only see the *shadow* of God's purpose they would say, I understand, I understand perfectly.

Harry, now I am going to speak more about the mortal and immortal, to make it a little plainer to you. Harry, wait *son* my topic *first*—I am your father *yet*, son of earth.

Harry I have told you your animals of earth are immortal, you people of earth are not. I have told you their souls are completed, on earth, while your soul awaits completion through suffering and bitterness. You will think that when we are higher in sense, wisdom, in mind than they are, why are they

given the reward of a completed soul on earth, while we have to climb for ours? This is why Harry, it is because they cannot sin, they know no sin, thus they cannot experience it. Is it clear? While your bodies are bathed with it, your bodies mounted by it. Then I will tell you the difference again between the mortal and the immortal. When you invent, you first think and ponder a wee little plan, you work it out, worry over it, test it, tear it down, plan it over, while we just create, no planning or testing and why are you always planning, *why?* Because you are under a strong plan, exercising the system of planning as God planned your career, while we do not have ours planned for we have been through the testing mill. We create and you invent, which is the very, very small beginning to a creative power. Then you will say, why, when the immortal can create, why, when in the life hereafter we create, we, the immortal, then why cannot your earth animals create? They are immortal and the immortal creates, why can't they? Because they are not on a creative plane and when they come to our plane, because their fidelity and love is great, so great that they desire not even then that power, also they have never invented as man, on earth, (and as Heaven is natural) for them to create would not be natural; here, thus Harry, one difference between mortal and immortal.

We can penetrate everything, we can see everything at a mere glance; nothing is beyond our reach, we are in a state of evolution for-

ever; we can penetrate the earth and the stones night is as day to us, we can tell anything, everything at a moment's notice; we cannot forget. What you on your plane have striven years to find out, we know at a single sideways glance.

You are a tomb of sin, disease, torture, wickedness; we are the freedom of space, the love of God, the limitless boundaries of the sky. Do you understand Harry? do you?

We create everything, anything at a moment's notice. We are like unto God, we love God because we see our reward, the reward of our suffering on earth.

Our wisdom is undefinable, we know why the sun is bright, why the sun sets, why the sun is like God's own face.

To your wondering race Harry, your race is helped by its wondering, you say, why can we not see our friends who have gone home to God; if only we could it would be such a satisfaction; but Harry you can never see the friends and loved ones who have their reward in Heaven with God; because Harry, it is like this, like a child who has never sinned, who does not know sin, yet he or she stands near to a sinner and delights in his work because he knows not. It is sin, so with you—you could be with us if you were able to be like us, without sin; and if you were able to give up the flesh of mortality but your world life has blinded you to the glories of light and love. And by a mere small reflection of us who are wholly perfect, in every thing you would be instantly blinded on account of your

imperfection.* Harry under the immortal I am going to bring in flowers and music. Your earth flowers are immortal as they are the shading and coloring of God's mercy, the music of your earth, the faint sweet echo of God's voice. Your flowers of earth are immortal, they have a soul, for their soul is God's soul. With any other soul they couldn't be so beautiful to behold and so tranquilizing to the mind. Your earth flowers bloom, die, and are born again in Heaven, where they reach a perfectness, for as soon as they reach Heaven, God recalls his soul again to Himself and gives to them an individual soul of their own, that is the mystery about flowers. Why God does this I do not know, but I do think He wished to put His soul on earth in the form of flowers to make your home beautiful, and to see if you would recognize His presence.

God loves music, for God is music, and music is immortal; music is God's presence, his word to the world. If ever in your time you have been in the woods, alone, sitting and thinking about the different incidents in your life and all at once you seem to hear a far off peal of music, it thrills your soul, for your soul knows that sound and responds to it; yet you do not know it, you hardly believe you have heard it; you go on with your cares and troubles thinking not much of this little incident or day-dream as you call it.

*When you look at the sun you are blinded by its brightness, should you look at us you would be blinded by our perfectness.

RESULT OF EDUCATION ON SOULS HEREAFTER

Question: What effect has education on the after-life?

The result of education is a result on the conscious mind, from that mind to the subconscious mind (the soul); so you see education affects the soul, here and hereafter. Education, the good education of surrounding environment of the senses, feeds the mind and produces results on the subconscious mind. For instance, as a seed planted in the ground, although one does not know what color the blossom will be. He images this and that, he pictures a large blossom, or a small one and innumerable different sizes of leaves, and waits anxiously the blossom. It roots, grows, blossoms, and behold, he has a flower more beautiful than he could image and not in the least like the one he pictured in his mind. So with education, it presents to the conscious mind a definite fact, a fact that seems right, sound in perspective, and mathematical, the conscious comes to a decision as to its worth or rightness; but then, the sub-conscious mind takes it up and strains it, sifts it, and behold Harry, another plant altogether different in principle; so in this way the subconscious mind is enlightened, made refined, brightened. So in the pathway of the soul, education acts as a stimulant, very, very strong.

The first plane (the preparatory plane) needs

as you know now, Harry, wisdom, and if the soul is not as far advanced as it ought to be, the stay is longer here, while on the other hand if the soul is advanced the stay is less long, the second plane, (the earth plane) here is where the soul reaches its highest point of completion before it connects with its mate; understand Harry, the soul is complete after rebirth, but the completion is in a larger sense when one passes to the second plane. The third plane (the inventive plane) is where the soul has all its chance to show its inventive powers; of course Harry, if one is not inclined this way the soul reaches its completion, its mate, on second plane.

Inventions are made through wisdom, which is education, maybe earth education or inspired education from Heaven. So if the soul has experienced education on earth its perfectness is reached in a greater sense here. An educated soul, a soul with a body and mind educated on earth has many more duties here as a guide or chief worker of God.

Education affects the soul as a cleaning liquid does a material on which it is used, as Harry, we will say a silver pitcher is washed, scoured, sealed and looks like new, you could not imagine it to look better, not until perhaps a neighbor or selling agent has sold you some substance with which to clean it better, you try it and the pitcher looks twice as well, more than you could possibly conceive, yet before the pitcher looked 100% par, but now it is over par.

Some supposition Harry but it makes it clear.

Education is like a beautiful plate glass window, we will say the soul is the window and education the ray of sun shining on it. How much more beautiful and how much more costly it appears.

Question: How about my reading?

Your readings Harry are of the very best, I could even say they are destined readings, your books are very helpful, you will realize it when you have come to live with us.

Your books are like a time table or railroad map to the stranger; he would be lost or bewildered without it.

The following message relating to the soul and sudden death, came to us one night while we were talking with Clara, and in the following manner:

Clara was sending in messages in answer to various questions about which we asked and in course of her answers we would occasionally get the word Smith; this occurred so frequently that I finally asked her who this Smith was, and she answered that he was an American soldier killed instantly on the battle-field at Chateau-Thierry; that he wished to send in a communication to his mother, and that she (Clara) was going to allow him to talk. His communication is as follows: Hello Harry! This is Joe Smith. You don't know me but I would like to talk to mother so, if I only could. I heard about you from your grandfather and mother. My mother lived in New Orleans. I was killed in war and mother

oh! mother did not know until after a long while; if she knew how happy I am she would be so glad. I was killed in Chateau-Thierry, both legs shot off and killed instantly by a mine explosion. Killed instantly. Can I tell you about that Harry?

I knew I was going somewhere five minutes before the Germans struck the mine. I knew I was going somewhere for I saw a light in the sky, and in the eyes of one of my friends; he whispered to me, "Joe we are going somewhere this time I know." I didn't know where but I felt strong, clean, big and good. We were advancing when the mine was struck. I had my dog with me too; my pal said to me when we were running along under fierce fire, "Joe we're done for," but he said it as though he was glad, and I wondered why he would say it in that way, but I knew I felt it just the same.

Well, we were advancing, running slow and it was raining like the deuce, I felt as though the muddy, rough ground under me was like a carpet and my poor tired feet were so soft and felt so good. A few minutes before the mine was hit I knew, Harry, I knew I was going *home*, and I thought of my mother just before I was by-sected into the winds of air, but in a quicker time, why, so quick that you could not count it, I saw a wonderful light by me and I knew I had reached what they call Heaven. I looked around and hundreds of our men had been blown to pieces. There was no jar, I cannot remember the terrible sound of the explosion or the jar. I thought it was

so strange that when I had experienced so many mines on earth and heard them, their awful rumble and crash, that I did not hear this one, but I have been taught that your ears just before death are numb to the noises of earth and opened to Heaven. I said I knew I was going home, but I expected to see God by me; I did not, but I saw a light that closed my eyes, and I felt as though I was rising slowly, softly, gently to the skies and slowly, softly, gently back again. I remember when my feet touched the battle-field again, I opened my eyes and a man I thought was God (but I see it was not) was there with me and my boys. Some of our boys were alive yet and many men were tending them. I thought that I had never seen those men in our company, but I now know that they were people, good people from here; they nursed the ones who are going to Heaven soon. When I saw all the bodies and pieces lying around I felt what you would say a little faint, and I wanted my gun, the piece of it, so I picked it up and the man by my side smiled at me. I felt so light, so queer but so good, and I left the world. He told me just before I left to look upward; I did and my eyes went closed. I floated up, up, until I reached this world. I asked the man who took me from earth why, just before the mine exploded, I felt that rising feeling, and my guide, that is what we call them, said, "just before an instant death, the soul leaves the body and floats up until the time is over, the time of explosion is over, then it is right by the body again." I asked why; he said,

“to avoid the soul being shocked or jarred;” that is why Harry you feel no jar or tremble, or shock at this kind of death. When my guide came after me and we were going home, I noticed he knew everything, I thought, “Gee but I have to be careful.” I thought to myself “who in blazes are you” and quick as thought he answered me, hardly before I had completed my thought; Gee, Harry, it struck me like a blow, then I caught on; he smiled and said “I knew you would see.” I asked him to show his goods and he created a number of things on the battle-field, that the workers there did not see or notice and walked right through them; and then I knew he was a real angel. You see I got cheated out of everything on earth and I wasn’t going to take any chances. He told me every death was different in that respect, but always without fear or shock.

I asked my guide if I had to stew for a month; he laughed and said no, not unless I wanted to eat a great deal, then I could cook my own meals. I do eat; all do not, but I like to, they say I will get over it.

I have learned now, that when a man is to be killed instantly, he realizes it a few minutes before he goes; I mean knows he is done for, and that so it will not scare him, so that he will not take fright.

Would it be possible for a man to die so suddenly that he would not receive a warning?

No! No! No! There is no time here. If he

was killed quicker than thought, he would know it:

CLARA

What are the stepping stones to success in life and God?

Hope! Hope! Tranquility! Hope! Contentment! Hope! Deep thinking, always saying, I can, I will, I must, I am, and love, love, love.

The last evening that we talked, Ethel was returning home the next day. We had received this book and many messages of a personal nature beside. I asked Clara if there was any last message she wished to send before we parted; she would not say goodbye, but sent in the following message:

If I were able to feel sorrow or pain, Harry, my soul would ache at this parting for so long, but I cannot and you shall not; I am so glad I can talk to you, and help you and let you know of us; if only more could do it! Think of poor Smith, he wants to talk to his mother, and he is going to if we can put it through.

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